reckon we bes' go slow 'twel we fin' out

"Dey kep' on gittin' skeerder an' skeerder

w'at 'tis.'



An Easter Tidbit.

BY MINERVA SPENCER HANDY.

Easter time was at hand, and the very air bristled with murmurs of chiffon, wreaths of daisies and rosettes of ribbons. The girls at school talked more about these things than they did about long division, and even the girls in Sunday school whispered to each other, "This is the last Sunday I shall wear this old felt hat." Perhaps they expected the bunnnies to bring new hats, for every child, rich and poor, seemed to expect to find one in her bed room in time for Easter Sunday.

Elsie Grey was not different from the rest; her mother had promised her that she should have a new hat for Easter. Lest there should be some delay at the last minute, the pretty new hat was safe-ly delivered at Elsie's house a week before

It was the prettiest hat Elsfe had ever owned. When it was lifted out of its tis-

affectionate butt he then and there gave to his mistress knocked her gorgeous new hat over her eyes and pushed her up against the stable wall. To save her hat from an even worse fate, Elsie seized it with her hands and quick as a wink the hat was off. She then placed it carefully ('tis true) on a newspaper that lay upon a shelf over Billy's stall. Just then Snuggle, the Angora kitty, pounced into the stable and Elsie had to stop and have a little romp with her. In the midst of this the dinner gong sounded, and in order to more quickly reach the dining room Elsie ran up the stops which led to the laundry and hy the steps which led to the laundry, and by a still shorter cut over the covered passageway reached the dining room just as the

way reached the diffing room just as the soup was being served.

Mother, seeing the little girl come down stairs, concluded, of course, that she had been upstairs to put her precious hat away in the wardrobe. After asking how Nanna liked it the course of the source of liked it the conversation drifted on to some-thing else, and nothing further was said.

of her heart. She comforted herself, how-ever, with the thought that the newspaper was clean, and that it was way out of Billy's reach. She determined to rush out to the stable the minute dinner was over sue paper wrappings Elsie danced up and down and pirouetted all around her moth-



crushed into rosettes that looked more like rose petals than anything else. This was how the hat looked the Sunday before are among the latter class, and Billy But-ton was no exception to the rule. After din-

winter. Can't I run over to Nanna's and sponge, show it to her?" pleaded Elsie. Nanna was paints. Elsie's grandmother, and also a second Fortunately for Elsle she lived around the corner, and for her grand-child was friend as well as chum. As soon as Elsie received anything new she would dash at full speed down the stairs and around to Nanna's, that she might enjoy

but warned Elsie to be very careful not to held the hat with her hands and under no consideration to take it off until she got She also reminded her that it was out fifteen minutes until dinner time.
"Yes, yes. I'll remember all these things," ten minutes, and I wouldn't touch this beauty with my hands for the world, for you know, mother, my hands are always

sticky, whether I eat candy or not. Your natural sweetness oozing out." said mother, "but run along or Nama will have to wait until after school tomorrow." Off flew Elsie, looking quite like a pic-ture, if the opinion of her mother is to be

believed. Her eager little face all gladness, her eyes flashing and her cheeks flushing beneath the soft pink brim of her fine So far all was well. Nanna admired the

lowing Saturday. Nanna did so enjoy these confidences. She would have liked to keep Elsie an hour, but the big clock in the hall warningly chimed out six. Elsie for the first time remembered dinner. She had overstayed her time, and hurriedly kissing Nanna good-bye, she started home. Instead of going around the block and entering her house by the front door, she took a short cut. This cut proved to be "the was usually equal to the occasion. As she short cut. This cut proved to be "the un-short cut of all." It led across the alley heard the tragic story of Elsie's carelesswhich separated the two residence streets, | ness, even she had to admit that helping of Elsle's lot one reached the laundry and thence the house. In the stable lived Billy Button, the goat. Elsie found him busily table greeting. Now, Billy was not as not as

heavy she almost staggered to bed. . While we sleep many things work. Goats how the hat looked the Easter; remember this picture, for it will be necessary to compare it with another cless pleasing) exactly a week later. If only Elsie had been as careful as she was vain, there never would have been any cause to the never would have been any cause to him no end of concern. He did not feel satisfied with the dinner Patrick had given "Oh, mother dear, it's a beauty. The prettlest hat I ever had. Such a treat after that heavy beaver I've been wearing all winter. Can't I run over to Nanna's and sponge, perhaps, a bottle of ink, a box of the ordinary to tempt his palate—a sponge, perhaps, a bottle of ink, a box of the ordinary to the papers. He would chew the comic section of a Sunday newspaper with as much satisfaction as you would molasses taffy.

the pleasure with her.

Of course the new hat hadn't received half enough admiration until Nanna had added her share. Mother gave her consent, but warned Elica the half enough admiration until Nanna had added her share. Mother gave her consent, but warned Elica the consent, and the consent of the ordinary to "fill the bill." Billy dropped the paper as you do bread when chocolate cake appears on the scene. He plunged into the midst of pink chiffon and satin rosettes with a relish unmis-takable. Long and thoroughly nibbled. chewed and swallowed Billy, until Elsie's hat looked—well, no words can do justice as to how Elsie's hat did look when Billy's appetite was sufficiently satisfied. Easter morning dawned bright clear. Not one thought of Billy, or what might have been, entered Elsie's frivolous little head until her mother, upon going to the bandbox, exclaimed, "Elsie, where is your hat?"

The word hat recalled memories to El-

sie. Visions not as pleasant as they might have been, visions of her gorgeous new hat swam before her eyes. Not explaining the reason, she flew down the stairs, through the laundry and into Billy's stahat enthusiastically and Elsie sat down to tell her the news of her school day how she had missed in spelling, been kept in she had missed in spelling, been kept in lous mistress searched around his stall, and even when she uttered a heartrendant even when she uttered a heartrendant even when she uttered in his shrick stood unconcernedly in his ing shrick stood unconcernedly in his place. Poor Elsie! Her worst enemy would have felt sorry for her as from one corner she unearthed the remains of her glorious Easter hat. It was a shape-When it came to comforting, mother was usually equal to the occasion. As she saw the remains of the hat, however, and

matters was beyond her.
Elsie went to church wearing her despised old beaver. Buttercups and daisles nodded gaily at her from the heads of her ged chewing his hay, but seeing her being a polite goat, he turned to give mistress what he considered a hoslittle friends, but no answering greeting

They took his saucy little head clean off.

Filled him up with candy, then Neatly screwed it on again.

ment without a murmur, which she did. Mother decided if Elsie's hats had to serve two purposes, as coverings for her daughter's head and food for Billy, plain straw sailors were plenty good enough. Such a hat Elsie wore, uncomplainingly, even when spring had merged into sum-

AT THE BIG HOUSE

The Story of a Giant. (Copyright, 1904, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

There was silence for a while in the little cabin, after the story of Canadi, during which Aunt'Phrony sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire, having raked the embers together under the hickory log and blown them into flame. At last she said, giving vent to her thoughts of the past few When Elsie remembered where that hat giving vent to her thoughts of the past few reposed at this moment she felt a sinking minutes: "I reckon ef we cu'd jes' know all de curisome things an' people an' creeturs whar bin on dis yearf an' quit hit fer good. we'd be dat 'stonish' we ain' kin b'lieve ow' own senses. I yearn tell 'bout de giants and de 'll'I people' whar useter be, so't I know folks wan't alluz de way dey is now. an' my daddy's people dey tells lots er tales 'bout creeturs whar useter live in de ol' days an' now is clean pe'ish offen de face er de yearf. Seem lak ef all dem folks an' dem creeturs cu'd come back, dey oon know hit fer de same place, an' dey'd be dat disapp'inted an' home-hongry de hull posse-cum-tat 'ud jes' lay down ag'in an' go back ter bones an' dus'. I done year so much 'bout 'em dat I kain't git 'em outen my hald, an' seem lak I kain't git my own cornsent to leave dis worl' widout knowin' jes' who an' w'at bin yer befo' I camed. I mought ez well quit studyin' 'bout hit, dough, fer dar ain' no mo' chanct er knowin' dat dan dar is er knowin' who an' w'at gwine come atter

"Did they really have people and animals then that we don't have now?" said Ned.
The old woman answered with an emphatic ned that said more than words, and intimated that she knew far more on the subject than she was ever likely to tell.
"Please tell us about some of the old-time people,' the boy urged, while the other two crowded close to her knees and looked up nto her face with the interest they did not

"Le's see," she said thoughtfully; "I b'lieve I 'member one 'bout a giant. How does y'all think dat 'ud suit yo' notion?"

Of course the children declared that a glant would be the very thing, so Aunt 'Phrony proceeded: "You know de Bible it was dainty enough to please a fastidious little princess. The big, flaring brim was faced with soft pink chiffon, shirred in the tiniest of rows, and around the crown were masses of pink and blue ribbons, crushed into rosettes that looked more like. ses, 'Dar wuz giants in dem days,' so 'tain' no use fer no pusson ter say he don' b'lleve some folks dat wuz small, lak we-all; so dat de worl' wuz kind er mix up, some big, some li'l. In dem days de folks built der houses raise' up th'ee er fo' feet f'um de groun' on blocks of wood. Dar wuz a man an' his wife had one'r dem houses, an' dey had a daughter whar wuz a mighty likely,

pooty gal.
"Well, suh, w'at do dat mis'able gal do
but teck hit inter hald ter ma'y a giant. De ol' folks dey 'suade an' dey 'suade 'er, but 'tain' no use; fer w'en a gal onct gits sot on de wrong man, de on'ies kyore is ter paints. What was that above his head? let her ma-y him an' fin' out her mistake. A newspaper. Billy just doted on newswicht some time she do an sometime she don', but wichuver 'tis, she ain' gwine let on. Dat's de great bizness in life wid lots er wimmins—not ter let on. Ef dey did, my gracious, wat sort er worl' 'ud dish yer be! No livin' in hit ef de wimmins onct turnt de tongues aloose 'bout der men folks. on'ies comfu't in de marter is dat nuttin' kin hol' 'em back f'um turnin' 'em alossa right at de mens w'en no else roun' ter year 'em. Tongues wag all de harder 'kas dey bin hilt back de res' er de time." S Aunt 'Phrony, the victim of an unhappy marriage, rambled on to herself rather

than to the children, whose presence she had almost forgotten in her moralizings on matrimony, in which she was prone to indulge whenever the subject came up. She brought herself back to her story with a jerk, saying: "Well, dat gal she done ma'y de giant, an' ef she wuz saw'y fer hit she ain' let on to her daddy an' her mammy. Dey live near her in one'r dem cur'ous li'l houses set up on blocks, an' ev'y day she come ter see 'em an' pass de time er day wid 'em an' ax 'em how dey did, but dey nuver sot eyes on de glaat any mo'n ef he wan't in de lan' er de livin'. Dey think dat sort er cur'ous, but dey ain dast ter say nuttin' ter de gal, 'kase she done hol' her haid high an' look sort er fierce 'bout de eyes w'enuver day try te bring de talk roun' to'des him.

"Ev'y mawnin' w'en dey come outside de do', dar wuz a daid deer a-layin' on de groun', er mebbe hit 'ud be a daid tukkey all raidy fer cookin'. Dey 'mence ter think dish ver wuz a son-in-law wuf havin' atter all, but still dey wunner an' dey wunner dat dey ain' see him, an' dey sez ter one nu'rr: 'Wa'at time you reckon dat man git up ter go huntin'? 'Kase nemmine how early we git up we nuver kin ketch 'im.' "All de same, dey et up de deers an' de tukkies, an' den dey sot down an' dey studied an' dey studied 'bout der cur'ous big son-in-law 'twel seem lak dey kain't git him

outen her haids fer a minnit. "Wen dey got outer wood de giant he'd fin' out 'bout hit, an' fus' news dey knowed he'd drag home a big tree f'um de woods roots an' all, jes' ez easy ez ef 'twan't nuttin' but a stick er wood, an' leave hit whar dey kin git hit. Yit dey nuver year no noise ner ketch him doin' de draggin'; so dep kep' on wunnerin' an' wunnerin' an' studyin' an' studyin', but dep kep' on, all de same, burnin' de wood he bringed 'em. Sometimes dey sez, 'Well, he ain't sech a bad son-in-law, atter all;' an' yit ag'in de ol' ooman she'd say: 'Jes' 'pears ter me l kain't stan 'dish yer no longer. Hit gin me de creeps, 'deed hit do, ter know dat man whar so tall he hatter double up ter git in thu de do', an' so strong he kin drag an' pull trees, roots an 'all, is a-dustin' roun' ow 'house in de night, an' hether an 'vor thu de woods, fetchin' an' kyar'yin', an' we nuver seein' 'im any mo'n ef he wuz a sperrit. I don' kyare w'at come ner w'at go, jes' so I kin see hit, but w'en things git ter spookin 'roun' in de dark, den I'se done

"De ol' man he say, sezee, 'Same way wid me, ol' ooman, but long'z he aln't did no harm yit an' done save me a lot er elber-

grease, I'se gwine keep my mouf shet a w'ile longer an' see w'at happen.' "Things went on dat-a-way an' went on dat-a-way, de giant fetchin' de deers an' de tukkies an' de firewood, de ol' folks eatin' de game an' burnin' de wood an' wunnerin an' wunnerin' an 'studyin' an' studyin' 'bout degiant. Ev'yday de gal come ter see 'em, an' ev'y day befo' she come dey ses ter one nu'rr dat dey gwine ax her 'bout de giant, an' ev'y day w'en she git dar dey ain' do hit. Las', de gal have a li'l chil' an' she bring hit fer her daddy an' mammy ter see an' dey mek gra't 'mirrition even hit. see, an' dey mek gre't 'miration over hit, same'z de gran'daddies an' gran'mammies alluz does, an' de gal she look mighty please' an' proud, same'z de young mammies alluz does w'en dey's showin' off de

"Atter de gal tucken de chil' home, de ol' ooman sez ter de ol' man: 'Dat sho' is a fine chil', hit sho' is, but I wanter ax you dis: is you year dat chil' let out de fus' smidgin uv a squeal? is you now? Fer ef you is, I ain'; not de ghos' uv a whimper, suh; not one. An' I have my 'pinion uv a baby whar ain' cry. Don' talk ter me 'bout good babies! Ef dey ain' cry, I knows dey ain' human. Sump'n cur'ous 'bout dat baby, an' dat gal kin hug hit up all she wanster, but ez fer me, I'se 'feard un hit, an' I ain' gwine tetch hit fer fear I

an' de gal she kep' on bringin' de chil' ter see 'em ev'y mawnin'. Dey had mighty on-easy times tryin' ter be mannerly an' keep on de right side er de gal an' ylt not tetch de chil'. Las' de gal see how 'twuz, an' she got hurted in her feelin's an' went home an' tol' de giant dat her maw an' her paw wuz 'feared er de baby. Den de giant he got hurted in his feelin's, an' co'se his feelin's wuz bigger'n her'n an' hurted him wus-ser, an' he jes' rave an' he kyave. He say:

ser, an he jes rave an he kyave. He say.

'Yer I bin fetchin' game an' wood fer yo'
daddy an' mammy an' pomperin' 'em up
'twel dey ain' have nuttin' ter do, an' den
dey ac' lak dis. Yer I wuz gwine roun' dat
house ev'y night an' cu'd jes' a knock hit
over wid my fis' same'z you smash a aigshell, er blow hit down wid my bref; jes' one puff 'ud a sont hit over in a jiff. But I ain' do nuttin' 't all 'ceptin' ter he'p 'em, an' yer dey hatter go an' git skeer'd er my chil'. Dey is skeer'd er me, too; I know dat; dat don' mek no diffens, but w'en hit come ter gittin' skeery 'bout dat po' li'l chil', I gwine gin 'em sump'n ter git skeery 'bout, sho' 'nuff; I gwine show 'em huc-

ome.'
"Den de gal she saw'y she done tol' him 'bout her daddy an' her mammy, an' she 'suade an' 'suade him ter let 'em off, 'twel las' he promuss he let 'em 'lone, but he say: 'I tell you p'in'-blank dat ef I lets 'em off, I ain' gwine stay yer an' see 'em turn up der noses at my chil'; dat I ain'. I jes' gwine teck him an' putt out f'um yer an' go so fur off dat dey ain' nuver gwine set eyes on him ag'in; you kin jes' mek up yo' min' ter dat.' Den he rave an' he kyave some mo' an' skeert de gal mos' outen her wits. Her daddy an' her mammy yearn de soun' an' ses ter one nu'rr dat dar mus' be a thunderstorm gwine on up

in de mountains.
"De gal she baig an' she balg, an' she say dat ef he teck de baby, she gwine go, too. Giant ain' sayin' nuttin', jes' toss his long hya'r an' stomp his gre't footses an' g'long 'bout his bizness.

"One day w'iles de gal wuz 'way, de giant he tucken he baby an' putt out f'um dar tight'z he cu'd go. W'en de gal got home an' found' de baby gone she knowed he done tucken hit, and' I tell you dar wuz some tall cuttin'-up 'bout den. She tear her hye'r an' cryen on' greener an' greener. her hya'r an' cry an' scream an' go on 'twel de nabers come a-runnin' an' her paw an' her maw stood dar lookin' on an' sav-'Uh-huh! now you see dat! Ain't we tol' you so w'en you wanter ma'y dat goodfer-nuttin' glant? Mebbe, nex' time, you gwine pay some 'tention ter we-all.'

"Gal went on cryin' an' wringin' her han's, an' las' she say she gwine git up an' foller de giant an' fin' him ef she kin. So she start off an' she go an' she go an' she go, follerin' de giant's tracks, fer dey wuz so monst'ous big dey muz mighty easy ter fin'. She went thu de woods an' de fiel's an' up de hills an' down de hills, an' de wind in de pines kep' mo'nin', 'Gone! gone! an' de water in de branches call out over de stones, 'Gone! gone!' an' de bu'ds chirp, Gone! gone! an' de squ'l up de tree drap, a nut down at her an' squeak out, 'Gone! gone!' an' ev'thing keep hit up dat-a-way 'twel de ooman wuz plumb 'stracted.

"Las', w'en she wuz clean beat out, wid

her footses sore an' her han's all scratch up an' bleedin' f'um de devil's-shoe-string, w'ich some folks calls hit de bamboo-brier, she see de giant's tracks on one side de branch an' she looks 'cross an' see dat 'tain' come out on tu'rr side, an' so she tain come out on turr side, an so she think he mus' be som'ers roun' dar. She look up de branch, an' sho 'nuff, dar he wuz, settin' on a rock in the midse er de water wid de chil' in his arms. She ain' say nuttin', jes' turn roun' an' steal thu de woods 'twel she come out right across f'um w'ar she done seed de giant settin'. Bless gracious! he wan't dar, not him. He knowed w'at she wuz up ter jes' ez well ez ef some un done tol' 'im, so he tucken de chil' an' made one big step thu de water, swish! an' sot down on nu'rr rock fu'ther up. De gal she look up ter a-fussin' an' a-foamin' all roun' him an' de baby. Dat mek her fair' she try ter fool 'im ag'in. But 'tain' so easy ter fool a giant, an' he kep' on tollin' her an' tollin' her up de stream 'twel she wuz nigh mos' daid an' hatter gin up de chase an' go back. All de way home she kep' wringin' her han's an' cryin' 'Gone! gone!' an' de wind an' de water an' de bu'ds in de tree-tops dey all call back at her 'Gone! gone!' lak dey felt mighty saw'y fer her.

"De nabers dey say it sarve her right fer not bein' sassified ter ma'y a man uv her own people. 'Small man wan't good 'nuff fer 'er,' dey ses; 'hatter have big huh? Reckon she ain' gwine have man, sech big notions de nex' time "Gal she useter go out inter de woods ev'y now an' den ter see ef she kin see sign er de giant an' de baby, but

any sign er de glant an de baby, but ev'y time she come back eryin' 'Gone! gone!' an' de wind an' de water an' de bu'ds arnser her back ev'y time, an' you kin year 'em sayin' hit down ontwel dis day ef you jes' stop an' stan' still an'

Insects That Love Heights.

"On peaks where even bird life ceases," said an Alpine traveler, "and the eternal snow seems to have frightened all life away. I have always found insects. No matter how high I might climb in those awful solitudes, beetles and other bugs could be seen. The beetles dwell under the rocks and in holes in the earth. Their wings are small or missing entirely, for the snow circumscribes their wanderings and they generally stay in one place all their lives. Even on the ice fields, where there is not a single outcropping of rock, but everything is white and frozen, there is a great sixlegged insect of cylindrical shape and coal black in color. It seems to be as comfortable in the snow as other insects are in a flower garden."

> The Jingle Land. BY HARRIET NUTTY. In the land of Jingles.
>
> Where everything must rhyme,
> The dogs and cats, and children, toe Must have a merry time. The bears will never eat you up, But hug you just for fun;

The swallows and the humming birds
Just have a lovely time
In the land of Jingles,
Where everything must rhyme.



git some kind er spell putt on me; 'deed I The Story of the Fox and the Hare.

The hare was leaning against a fence when he saw the fox approaching, who winked at him as if to say: Wait for me;

I want to see you! But the hare shook his head and started to run, for he was afraid of the fox and he thought it was one of his tricks.

Then the fox called: "Heigho, Mr. Hare; don't run away; I won't bite you! I want to have a little talk with you."

The hare stopped and looked around suspiciously. "Are you in earnest?" he asked. "Yes," said the fox, putting his right fore-paw on his heart, "in dead earnest."

Whereupon the hare turned about and they sat down together on allow.

"Do you see this new cap and this satchel?" asked the fox.

"I do," said the hare, and he sniffed at the satchel to find out if it was crocodile or calf leather.

or calf leather.

"And do you know why I have put them on?" asked the fox.

"I don't," replied the hare, who prided himself on always speaking to the point.

"Then I'll tell you," said the fox. "I am going to make a trip around the world on my bicycle and I would like you to go with me."

The hare was very much surprised for.

The hare was very much surprised, for, you know, a trip around the world on a bi-cycle takes rather a long time and is therefore a serious matter. So he thought some time, maybe five or ten minutes, and then he said. "I'll run and ask my wife and if she has no objections I'll go with

"All right," cried the fox, slapping him on the shoulder, "I shall wait for you

here. Mr. Longear ran as fast as his four legs would carry him and after a while he came back on his bicycle. He had put on a soft hat with a long feather and a satchel hung from his shoulder.
"Hurrah!" cried the fox. "I see you are

going along."
"Yes," cried the hare, rubbing his paws,
"my wife said I was old enough to judge
for myself. So I just took my bicycle, packed my satchel, put on my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, and here I am, ready to start."
"Hurrah!" cried the fox again, and then

he fetched his bicycle and they started. It was a warm day, and although they traveled in the woods as much as possible. both of them perspired very freely, and telt sorry that they had not taken more handkerchiefs along. Their faces looked as if they had just been bathing, and were now waiting for mother with a towel. In the afternoon they sat down under a

far-branching oak and rested awhile. They drank from a spring which they found nearby, and ate a lunch from their satchels. The fox ate a piece of baked goose with a and were rapidly gaining on him. Mr. Cotsweet potato, and the hare ate some cabbage and bacon, for he belonged to the F. Then they rode on till the evening, but

when the sun had nearly disappeared the

the fox: "How far is it to the place where

you said we would stay over night?"
"Oh," said the fox, "it isn't very far; five

The hare was satisfied, but when they had

"It won't take long," said the fox. "It

isn't more than four or five miles."

The hare shook his head, for he had

thought it was nearer than that, and he

was hungry and thirsty. After a while the

fox said. "Over yonder is the place where we shall take supper."
"In those woods?" the hare asked. "Yes," said the fox, "right in the middle

of them."
"It was now quite dark, and when they

entered the woods they could hardly see their paws before their eyes. Every now

and then they butted their noses against a tree, and at last they had to dismount

pointing at a red lantern swinging in front

of a yawning cave.
"Well, I am glad," said the hare. "I was

a tired as a tired little boy. I guess I shall sleep well tonight."

"So shall I," said the fox, as he rang

Pretty soon they saw a light approaching

from way back in the cave, and when it came nearer they saw that a great big bear carried it. And, imagine, it was the

same big old bear who had frightened lit-

tle Mary so.
"Good evening," said the fox and the

"Good evening," the bear replied. "Come

in and rest yourselves." And he trotted back into the cavern, swinging his lantern

and rattling his bunch of keys, while the hare and the fox followed him. At last they

came to a door, which the bear pushed open, and when our friends entered they saw that it was the kitchen and the dining

room of the family. Mother Bear was standing at the stove, with a ladle in her

paw and an apron fastened around her big neck. She shook paws with the fox and

the hare, after having wiped them—the paws, you know, not the fox and the hare-

on her apron. There were also four little bears, not much bigger than cats, who hid

behind their mother, and only now and then peeped out between her legs at the

"Sit down, sit down," said the Father

Bear; and he sat down himself in a huge arm-chair at the table.

The dinner, or supper, was very nice, and the fox and the hare enjoyed it very much.

There was fried fish and oysters, broiled

goose and spinach, oak-leaf salad, and, of

course, plenty of honey and milk. After supper the travelers went to bed. You see,

they had ridden on their bicycles all day

The bear and his wife stayed up another

hour, the bear reading the paper, while his

wife banged away on the plano after hav-

ing put the little ones to bed.

In the middle of the night the fox and the

hare were awakened by a strange noise, and when they had listened for a while the

hare said: "A strong wind must be blowing

said, and then they fell to sleep again.

"A fearful storm must be raging," the fox

And do you know what it was, my son?

It was not a strong wind or a fearful storm,

but the big bear, who was lying down-stairs on his bed, with his mouth wide open,

snoring like a sawmill. But the fox and the hare had never heard a big bear snore,

so they did not know it was he.

In the morning our friends had breakfast, and when they had paid their bill they

mounted their wheels, and away they went

They rode along merrily all the morning.

but just when they wanted to get off their bicycles to take a drink of water and eat

some lunch they heard a noise, and very

soon they recognized that it was the bark-ing of dogs. "Mr. Longear," the fox said,

shaking his head, "I am afraid they are

"I am afraid they are," the hare replied with a sigh. "I wish they had came a few hours sooner, for the heat and the fast riding have made me right tired."

"I am quite tired mysen," sa... the fox, "but we have to run for it anyhow. So

And they worked the pedals so that it was

a pleasure to see them fly. But the dogs which were chasing them were very swift and pretty soon the fox and the hare saw

and pretty soon the fox and the hare saw that they were coming nearer. "Mr. Longear," the fox cried, "we are lost! If we stay together they will catch both of us, therefore we had better separate. You go along that little creek to the left, and I shall keep straight on. They will either follow me, then you are saved, or they will follow you, then I am saved. Good-bye, old fellow. Give my love to my wife if they should catch me."

ong, and were very tired.

outdoors."

like lightning.

after us.

hare, and took off their hats.

the fox cried suddenly,

ridden about six miles he asked again: 'Mr. Bushy Tall, when shall we arrive at our

or six miles, that's all.'

uarters for tonight?"

and lead their wheels.

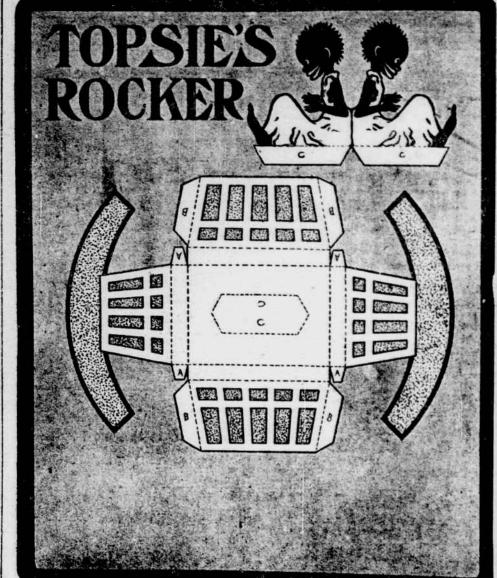
"There it is."

walk Milly it was sight with war we

"I Wheek

mewhat uneasy and asked ground. Then he saw the whole pack

the poor fox was dead.



A Simple Cut-out.

Cut the outline of Topsie's rocker carefully and fold on dotted lines, pasting A to A and B to B. Then cut Topsie, doubling and pasting the figure together and turning the flap C C flat and pasting to the portion marked C C in the rocker.

riding along the creek. When he looked back after a few minutes he saw that the dogs were all following poor Mr. Bushytail tontail Longear stopped on a hill where he could see the chase, and the tears came into his eyes when all at once he saw one of the dogs jump up at the bicycle, bite the fox in the leg and pull him to the

straight on, while the hare turned to the left. | is as follows: Once there lived in China two The eldest inherited the larger share of the family wealth, but seized the best part also of his brother's, leaving him only a few acres of rough, pebbly soil, upon which nothing would grow, except at one

end, where a marsh bore rank rushes.
Poverty and hunger drove the younger brother to despair, and he threw himself on his rough soll and bemoaned his fate. Suddenly he heard his name called, and looking around, saw a beautiful fairy, who bade him rise, and said: "Thy patience has been seen by the gods, and a reward is in store for thee. Lo, where thy head has rested thou shalt find it beneath the soil. To reach it is no easy task, but rest not thou until that has been found which will bring thee fame and make thee honored for a thousand generations." The fairy vanished the rocky ground and marsh were still there, but hope lived in the young man's heart. For long days he dug, and at last found the promised treasure—a lily bulb. With faith in the fairy's promise he took it up, planted it and nourished it, till there grew from it a flower, fairer and sweeter than any he had yet reserved. had ever seen. Men came to buy the flow-er and riches poured in upon him. Other bulbs sprang from its root. His name and his flower became famous. Thousands came to him to buy this flower, which has ever born the name of Shuey Seen Fah, the flower of the water fairy, and which is now, after a thousand years, considered by all Chinese the emblem of a happy new

Some Foreign Easter Customs.

On Easter Russian children receive presents as our children do on Christmas. On Easter Monday people go about kissing relatives, friends and acquaintances an exchanging eggs. These are sometimes very beautiful ones of glass and porcelain. and are filled with sugar plums and presents.

In Spain people gather in the streets at Easter time, shooting at stuffed figures of In Ireland children play a game called

bunching eggs." This is played with a oan filled with sand or sawdust, which is set on a table around which the children stand, each supplied with eggs. The eggs of each player are all of one color and are unlike those of the other players. The object of the game is for each player to so place the eggs standing upright in the sand as to bring five in a row touching each other. In turn each player pulls down an egg, sometimes filling out a row for herself, at others cutting off the line of an opponent: The one who first succeeds in obtaining the desired row calls out:

Some Legends of Lilies.

The lily is regarded as a saint among flowers, and the reason lilles are so largely used in the decoration of churches is not only because they are the most perfect of floral types, but because of their symbolic meaning.

jump on his friend and in a half minute

The hare cried bitterly when he saw this, for the fox had been very kind to him

on their trip, and they had had a good time together. He was very tired, but he was still more afraid of the dogs, so he got on

his bicycle again and rode off as fast as he

could. The wind blew his hat off, but h

did not stop to pick it up. "I'd rather lose my hat than my head," he said, and rode

It took him two days and two nights to

reach home, and when he at last arrived he had a high fever and had to stay in bed

And he never again attempted to go

around the world on his bicycle.

One beautiful old belief about the lily relates that the candidates for the Virgin Mary's hand, after having sought the Lord's blessing, each left his own staff in the temple in the evening. The next morning the dry rod of Joseph was found green and blossomed with lily flowers. Another pretty legend is that Mary or her way to the temple plucked a lily, and upon pressing it to her breast it became white. "Lily of the Virgin," "Madonna flower" and several other mystical names were given to the lily and have reference to this legend.

A German belief points to the Hartz mountains as the birthplace of the white A beautiful girl named Alice was carried off by a wicked lord. Just as he reached his castle the guardian spirit of the place wrested the girl from his arms. On the place touched by the feet of this innocent maid sprang the white lily. This story is believed by the peasants of the Hartz mountains, and every year hundreds of them make a pilgrimage to the castle to behold the dazzling beauty of the flower that flourishes there.

Another German legend runs this way and relates to the "red" lily: Once the Garden of Gethsemane was full of flowers of all kinds, and among them none so lovely as the splendid lily, with her clustering bells proudly upright. It was evening, and the Lord came to walk in His garden. As He passed along, each flower bowed before Him, but when He came to the lily her passed along, each flower bowed before Him, but when He came to the lily her haughty head remained erect, defiant in her conscious beauty. The Lord paused and looked at her for a second. She braved the mild eye of reproof, then slowly bent have been well blueber expectations. Here had a weed; behead me again and I am part of a trib. her head, while blushes swept over her, Still the Lord's gaze rested on her; lower sank her head, deeper burned her crimson, then tear after tear welled up in her lily cups. At this the Lord passed on. When morning came all the flowers lifted their heads—all but the lily, that once was white queen among them. Her head remained bowed in shame. To this day she blushes over her sin of vanity and the clear crystal tears of repentance still sway in the of the flower that refused to bend before the Lord.

Another legend connected with the lily is supposed to be a thousand years old, and

YUWANDA BY GEVETT BURGESS

YUWANDA had the Kind of Looks You Read About in Fairy Books! She was as Sweet as she was Fair, So she was Welcome, Everywhere. And Therefore, Everywhere she Went-Nor Stopped to Ask her Ma's Consent!

"Good-bye, old man," the hare cried back, "and if I should be killed break it to my wife gently."
"All right," shouted the fox, and he rede (This Goop is called Yuwanna because the runs away

"The raven, chough and crow Lie five in a row." If You Were a Puppy. BY HARRIET NUTTY. I know a little puppy dog. Fitz Jingo is his name; From dawn till dark

That dog will bark, On Sundays just the same.

But when you think of puppy dogs It's all that they can do. And I aver That if you were A dog you'd bow-wow, too.



DIAMOND.

1. A consonant in "sugar." 2 Evil. 3. A very good person. 4. A sport. 5. A treuble. 6. A conjunction. 7. A consonant in "sugar."

JUMBLED ANIMALS. Out of the letters given make at least four animals. The same letter may be used more than once: OTTERGIAFBNPSUM.

WORD SQUARES.

A-1. Fixed. 2. Period. 3. A shade of brown.

B-1. At the present time. 2. A poem. 3. Damp. BEHEADINGS

4. My whole means dismel; behtad me and I mean last; behead me again and I am part of the

WORD PUZZLE.

Fill the blanks with words that sound alike but are spelled differently.

1. Did you --- that the girls were ---?

2. 1 -- that the animal was a --3. They thought best to ---- him while out 4. Her --- lost, the baby ----ed,

DOUBLE ADDITIONS. Change the words described below by prefixing and affixing the same letter.

1. Change a personal pronoun to a vehicle.

2. Change having power to a book of blank paper.

3. Change in like manner to lelsure.

4. Change to I sten to fish.





DIAMONDS

RHYMING ENIGMA. BEHEADINGS.
-aster. 3. G-litter. 4. H-aunt

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

